

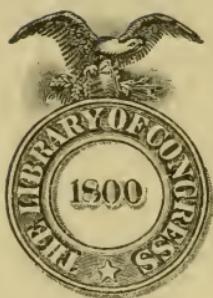
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# “SINCERELY YOURS”

VERSES BY

NELL RANDOLPH BLOUNT





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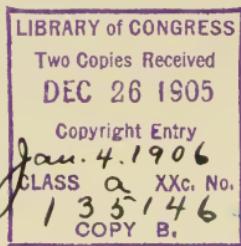
# “SINCERELY YOURS”

VERSES BY  
NELL RANDOLPH BLOUNT



1905

PS3503  
L826S5  
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Copyright 1905  
By  
Nell R. Blount

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“For me—I wrote  
False poems like the rest  
And thought them true,  
Because myself was true in writing them.”  
— Elizabeth Barret Browning.



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## APOLOGY AND DEDICATION.

*To the Stranger:*

If stranger hands should find this little book,  
And turn its pages for a critic's glance,  
Sure faults will show, which patience cannot  
brook,  
So here I give fair warning for such chance.  
This little volume came to form and light  
Not for the merit in its pages shown,  
But rather, that my friends have asked the right  
To have in shape which each may call his own.

*To My Friends:*

Reading between the lines which are but weak,  
Save in the lenient light of friendship's eye,  
Your hearts perhaps will see the truth I seek,  
And from your knowledge, all my lack supply.  
I did not write because 'twas good to read,  
But just to make my restless thought more  
still—  
Now you'll accept apology I plead?  
I'm taking it for granted that you will.

## ENTERED IN.

In memory of R. S. B.

Out from the years of earth-life, from all its cares  
set free,  
Into the Home Eternal, just over the jasper sea;  
Leaving the weary body that weakness and pain  
oppress,  
To enter “newness of life with Christ,” “robed in  
His righteousness.”

Taking in trust God’s giving (great things no more  
than small),  
Her labor of love completed, she answered her  
Master’s call.  
“Faithful in least” her standard, “ruler in much”  
His reward,  
Rich in the wealth of a greater world, inheritor  
with her Lord.

Eyes that have seen His beauty in flower and tree  
and bird,  
Ears that have heard His music in summer winds  
that stirred,  
Soul that has felt His glory in faulty human  
clay,  
Must see and hear and understand heaven’s won-  
drous world today.

Hands that were ever opened to help His “least of these,”  
Heart that was e'er responsive to human nature's pleas,  
Life that was never idle while yet a need was shown,  
Today in that better country find rest and joy at home.

Sorrow? Ah! no. Not sorrow, for she has gained so much,  
But loneliness and longing, in hearts that miss her touch.  
By her life, so strong yet tender, by her death so brave and true,  
May we meet as she has taught us, each task that comes to do.

## GOOD-BYE—BE GOOD, LITTLE GIRL.

To J. W. B.

Sometimes when I am so weary,  
    And little things all go wrong;  
When days seem brief and dreary,  
    And nights so hard and long,  
I hear in my heart soft whispers  
    From out of my childhood's day,  
That come like the evening vespers  
    Breathed over the troubled way.

Then someway, my fierce rebelling  
    All suddenly disappears  
Under that touch—compelling  
    The banishment of all tears.  
“Down to the corner” I’m going  
    “A piece with papa” once more,  
As memory’s torch is throwing  
    Its glow on days of yore.

I see my father, walking  
    In younger manhood’s pride,  
I, with childish talking,  
    “Going a piece,” by his side.  
Then from the corner starting,  
    (As he brushes back a curl),  
I hear his voice in parting,  
    “Good-bye, be good little girl.”

Tonight my thoughts reviewing  
The days passed by since then,  
Show his life strong in doing  
Of good, to fellow men.  
And while my duties lengthen,  
Amidst the busy whirl,  
There sounds his voice to strengthen,  
“Good-bye, be good little girl.”

Could cloudland glory open  
To pass his helpful word,  
I think the same thought spoken,  
Would come as I have heard.  
Out from the Heavenly Dwelling,  
Down through the gates of pearl,  
I think I'd hear him telling—  
“Good-bye, be good little girl.”

So, in the daily learning  
Of lessons hard to know,  
My heart is often returning  
To ways I ought to go.  
Hard tasks seem someway lighter  
Than once I thought they could,  
And all the way grows brighter  
As I struggle to “be good.”

## VIOLET VOICES.

To M. D.

Roses, lilies, carnations,  
What others have you there?  
Ah! yes, give me the violets,  
There's nothing to compare.

Some way their sweet, bright blossoms  
Speak comfort, peace and rest,  
And shining from among them  
A face, of all—the best.

It speaks from out their petals,  
The face of a mother gone,  
And bending my head above them  
My thought has quickly flown

Back into childhood's playtime,  
On into girlhood's hours,  
Working with her beside me  
Among the treasured flowers.

Again I see her prisoned  
By illness' tightening grasp,  
Smiling on dainty flowers  
Held in her gentle clasp.

And then there comes a memory,  
Sacred o'er all I keep—  
The precious form so quiet  
In its never-ending sleep.

Resting against her garments  
A bunch of violets lay,  
Sent by an almost stranger  
From a house not far away.

A graceful unvoiced tribute  
To a noble woman's name.  
As a fitting benediction  
On that last day it came.

And so these violet voices  
In fragrant tones so clear,  
Speak their tender message  
Of a sainted mother dear.

Sweeter than any other  
To me must always be  
The fragrance of their helping  
Through that precious memory.

## THE HEART OF THE HOME.

Facing the row of maple trees  
That whisper soft in the morning breeze,  
The old house stands in silence deep  
Almost as the hush of eternal sleep.  
And some way, the look of all the place  
Is like to that on a dear, dead face.

Scenting the air, the same sweet flowers,  
The same old shrubs and trees in bowers,  
But thick at roots are grasses grown,  
And stirring the tops (almost a moan)  
The voice of the air makes sad refrain  
“It will never be the same again.”

Into new hands it soon must go,  
This dear old “home” we all loved so.  
Precious things beyond compare  
Will go from out our fostering care.  
Scenes that seem but of yesterday,  
Will soon forever have passed away.

The old moves off—the new draws near,  
Mantles of gayety cover a bier.  
So let it be—The old home died,  
When the Little Mother left our side.  
The “past” is ours, to sacred keep  
In heart depths holy, buried deep.

### AN OFFERING.

Naught have I, Master, now to bring to Thee  
Only myself, and what Thou gavest me.  
Heart, thoughts and efforts  
Such as I call mine  
O take and bless and make them truly Thine.  
Put in my heart a wish to do Thy will,  
My thoughts and plans with love for Thee, O fill,  
Thy Spirit grant to shine in act and word,  
That what I do, may be *as to the Lord.*

## A PREACHER.

(To V. V. D.)

Today I heard a sermon  
That has given comfort well.  
The "text" I think I cannot  
Just now exactly tell.  
The church that I attended  
Was not quite "orthodox"  
For the pulpit was a counter  
And the text-book was a box;  
The face that shone above them  
With smile so warm and sweet  
Gave the message that was needed,  
My lonely heart to meet.

These hours that are so idle,  
Away from homeland dear  
Have wakened frequent longings  
For the old familiar cheer.  
I have missed the friendly welcome  
That was mine on every hand  
And have felt myself a stranger  
Just sojourning in this land.  
But now, that "stranger" feeling  
Doesn't hold me quite so fast,  
Since I've had that helpful greeting  
Like those from out my past.

Formed carelessly it may be,  
Words I do not now recall,  
But the face and tone that shaped them  
    Made the “sermon” cover all;  
They showed a soul of sweetness  
    In harmony with life,  
Content with daily blessings,  
    Keeping out of useless strife,  
May God’s benediction touch her,  
    This dear preacher of His light  
Who with lamp all trimmed and burning  
    Makes other lives more bright.

## "I WANT TO BE GOOD TO YOU."

"You are tired."—'Twas just an inflection  
That spoke half in question, half fact—  
To turn my mind quickly to searching  
My spent day, with all I had lacked.  
"Tired?" Well yes, I was tired,—  
For burdens so sorely had pressed,  
But one only, of all my acquaintance,  
My trouble and need had guessed.

Was I tired? Ah yes! so heart-tired!  
I think even *she* did not see  
How great was the weariness bearing  
While yet she was helping me.  
Not always in understanding,  
Every burden and doubt and fear  
Is the help,—but in love that is saying  
"I want to be good to you, dear."

And while she was whispering her wishes,  
Kind eyes looking into my own,—  
I knew, way deep down in my heart-thought  
I had found that for which I had come.  
Just a bit of sympathy given  
By a kindly and helpful face,  
And my prayer for strength was answered  
In that chance meeting-place.

### A HELPER.

He whistles and sings at his labor,  
My cheery, light-hearted neighbor,  
'Till sunshine seems brighter,  
And shadows grow lighter,  
Because of his song as he works.

The passer-by hears him, and slowing  
The footsteps so hurriedly going,  
The song heard in snatches  
His own spirit catches,  
From the man who sings as he works.

Far better the day and the duty,  
And fuller the world is of beauty,  
And truer the living,  
More helpful the giving  
For the song of my neighbor at work.

I know not his name or his station,  
But greater than wordy oration,  
The sermon he preaches,  
The lesson he teaches,  
By his jolly song as he works.

May he ever abide in gladness,  
Where needy hearts burdened by sadness,  
His sunshine may borrow  
To lighten their sorrow,  
'Till they learn to sing as they work.

## RETRIBUTION.

The night was in June,  
The weather quite warm;  
The people to cool resorts  
Moved in a swarm.  
At a table they sat,  
Eyes fixed on each other—  
She wasn't his cousin,  
He wasn't her brother.

His ice cream all eaten,  
A second dish called—  
Her own but half finished,  
She looked up appalled.  
Then a bit of reproof  
Shone out of her eye  
As she caught his expression  
And heard a deep sigh.

She waited a moment  
For best opportunity,  
And said: "Can you eat it  
With perfect impunity?"  
With superior smile  
He answered her soon,  
"Well, no—(since you ask)  
But I can with a spoon."

Some ten minutes after  
He said, smiling sweet—  
“Can you, with propriety,  
Walk awhile down the street ??”  
She taking his arm,  
While she smiled at the moon,  
Said: “No—(since you ask)  
But I can with a spoon.”

## FOR JUNE'S AUTOGRAPH.

(Dec. 25.)

And there are other names, though unrecorded  
Upon these pages, for kind memory's thought,  
Which, written now above, their lives rewarded,  
Find Christmas joy of which our lives know  
naught.

That joy which comes from in His presence  
dwelling  
Whose birth in Bethlehem so long ago  
Gave to the world the gladness earth is telling  
To lift from burdened hearts their weight of  
woe.

And could the dear ones out from Heaven's portal,  
Speak to us now a word to write for them,  
I think the message from our friends immortal  
Would be the angel song, "Good will to men."

So—while their names and faces we remember,  
In other days with us at Christmas tide,  
Let all our hearts by memory's touch made ten-  
der,  
Live out a charity more deep and wide.

## NATURE'S VOICES.

(To M.)

The flowers that blow,  
Speak soft and low  
Of the God they know,  
To His loving child.

The birds that sing,  
On quivering wing  
His love words bring  
To the listening ear.

The falling rain  
Like music's strain,  
Chants o'er His name,  
In cadence sweet.

The mountains high,  
'Gainst azure sky  
His glories cry  
Who formed their slopes.

Fresh blades of grass  
In waving mass  
Speak as I pass,  
Of power divine.

Then how can I  
Let days go by,  
And still deny  
The praise His due?

## GOOD-BYE.

(To D.)

So much I liked your cheery word, dear heart—  
Calling “good-bye” as quick you turned to go.  
And though it should not be for long we part,  
I wish that you might always speak it so.  
If just a few short hours should intervene,  
Or years should pass, before we meet again,  
I want the memory coming in between,  
Of your strong, helpful word as spoken then.

So full it is of blessing, in the thought,  
“May God be with you”—and I need that  
prayer,  
If but to face the next day’s duty brought,  
Or called to meet some heavy load of care.  
Then let me hear you speak it always, dear,  
When from my path another way you move.  
It seems to bring the Heavenly Father near,  
To shield and guide me with His tender love.

### A REGRET.

Where pleasure calls I would obey,  
And move with willing feet,  
But when necessity holds sway,  
I sometimes miss a treat.

Tonight I sadly stay at home,  
But I'll not needed be,  
Since each girl calls her *chap her own*  
He takes the place of me.

I know you will be just as nice  
As though I met with you,  
Enjoying fun and cake and ice,  
The jolly evening through.

—YOUR WAS TO HAVE BEEN CHAPERONE.

## AN INVITATION.

Come! Come!  
You'd better run.  
Presents for everyone under the sun.

Money will buy them,  
Low prices too;  
Just bring your purse and we'll satisfy you.

New Christmas gifts that are pretty and funny,  
Better than others sold for same money.

Don't you forget us,  
At five thirty-eight (538);  
Out on North Randolph,  
Your presence we'll wait.

So gladly we'll serve you,  
With many things fine;  
Respectfully yours,  
Our names we would sign.—

LADIES OF BAPTIST CHURCH.

## OUR PLATFORM.

(For Church Social.)

Although “free silver” is our call,  
“Sixteen to one” is *not* our cry.  
We’ve changed it so’s to suit you all,  
Suppose you come and try.

Our bill-of-fare is good and sweet,  
Sixteen less one, our price.  
Now bring your purse to Johnson street  
And buy you something nice.

Three-thirty is the number neat  
Tacked just above the door.  
Walk in and see, and you will eat,  
And quickly call for “more.”

Bread and butter, cream and peaches,  
Peach in cobbler, cake and pie  
When your appetite this reaches  
A second course please try.

Peaches pickled, peaches sliced  
Peachy cheeks and peaches spiced;  
Peaches raw and peach preserves  
(Bring good digestions and strong nerves.)  
And then to end with “extra nice”  
Take a dish of rare peach ice.

## REMEMBERED.

(Sent with souvenir album.)

Though memory's touch be tender,  
It is strong and sure and deep,  
So affection's voice will waken  
From a sometimes seeming sleep.

Busy lives may seem neglectful  
Toward old claims of days gone past,  
But through every honest friendship  
Runs a fibre that will last.

To you—our friends far distant—  
Memory turns our thought to-day,  
So we send this small reminder  
Of the cousins up this way.

“I THINK I MUST BE GOING.”

(Last words of Grace Willis.)

Going—yes quietly going  
Away from the earth-life dear,  
Yet never a worry or question,  
And never a shade of fear.

Going—e'en into Death's valley  
'Mid shadows dark and chill,  
Yet never a murmur against them,  
And never a thought of ill.

Yes, going to meet her Master  
Who died to show the way  
Out of the Valley of Shadow  
Into Eternal Day.

Just going away from sorrow  
To the Home prepared above,  
To one of the many mansions  
Of endless light and love.

## GRAYDON.

(To Bess V.)

To find a man like "Graydon Muir"  
I've done my very best,  
But it seems quite impossible  
He's so unlike the rest.  
Inclined to do the next best thing  
Within my power to please,  
I've sought and found his counterpart  
Among the forest trees.  
In general shape and style and mold  
Not large or deep or thick  
His character is fitly told—  
A very light weight stick.

Please accept. N.

P. S.:

If you don't get mad and send him back  
Just use him for a buttonhook rack.

N.

TOAST FOR CLASS OF '79.

(Theme, "Uncrowned Kings.")

Not often in this world of toil,  
Do worthy deeds meet due regard,  
And kings and queens in daily life,  
Not always find their just reward.

Yet with its losses and its gains  
Life is worth living faithfully  
Look o'er our class as counted now,  
We "kept our Pace," a king is he  
Who claims a realm our country's width.  
While Callie in a lesser sphere  
Rules her small subjects perfectly,  
With scepter which they all revere  
A head uncrowned is Frank's indeed,—  
E'en nature has not done her best,  
But when it comes to brains within  
He surely equals all the rest.  
Then Laura brings to us her boys,  
To whom she is in truth a queen,  
While Livie rules the largest man  
Among our number to be seen.

See Ella Forest—Stock her trade,  
With gold and silver, Roy and Ed  
And Lizzie Gamage,—Beaver caught  
When she prepared to wed.  
Yes, kings and queens are in our midst  
And Dr. D. can make them crowns  
Just go to him when toothache jumps  
And let him drive away your frowns.

Not all are here. In distant states  
Four classmates now have made their homes,  
While other three have entered in  
That “Country Whence No Traveler Comes.”

Kind words of all. Kind thoughts for each,  
In school day loyalty we give,  
May these few words but serve to teach  
That kings and queens among us live.

## THE REASON.

(To M. W.)

“Why do I love you?” Tell me, dear,  
The reason for my violet here,  
Turning its leaves and dainty bloom  
Laden with sweetest of all perfume  
Away from the shadows of my room  
To the clearer light of my window bright.  
“Why do I love you?” Tell, dear heart,  
Why, when the summer days depart,  
The little bird swift wings his way,  
Into the skies of southern day,  
To bask in the light of warmer ray  
And there in song, earth’s joys prolong.

As God’s kind care in Nature’s laws,  
Moved flower and bird, so I, because  
God guided me, turned, dear, to you  
Meeting a friendship strong and true,  
Changing old thoughts to pleasures new,  
Unto the end, I’ll keep thee friend.

## IN ARIZONA.

“In the good old summertime”  
Of this Arizona clime  
Where roses grow and bloom the whole year  
round—  
Just tell me if you can  
Where you’ll find a better plan  
Than to settle for a steady camping-ground.

With its sunshine pure and warm,  
And bird music that can charm,  
With trees so full and green and skies all bright,  
Say—tell me, if you will,  
Any happier place to fill  
With joy, the hours of every day and night.

Winters warm or summers hot,  
Either way it matters not,  
(Save when a “most unusual spring” occurs)  
'Tis the spot to find good health,  
'Tis the place to spend good wealth,  
So the traveler over all the globe, avers.

Are there flaws? Well just a few—  
Not more than one or two,  
Like windy days and hurricanes of sand.  
But—who’ll remember these,  
When in northern homes we freeze  
And long in vain for glimpse of this Southland?

## IF YOU REMEMBER.

If the voice which has spoken tenderly  
Should change in its tone some day,  
And words that seem quick and harsh perhaps,  
Should answer some word you say,  
Just try to remember the truth you know,  
'Tis a loving heart,—time will prove it so.

If the hand which has clasped yours heartily  
Should loosen its hold some day,  
And the strengthening touch of sympathy  
Should seem to be taken away,  
Then try to remember that just the same  
'Tis a loyal hand and will come again.

If the face which greets yours smilingly,  
Should darken in sudden cloud,  
And just where you need companionship  
You feel alone in the crowd,  
Right there remember—that face is true  
And will turn again with its help to you.

For the friend who is walking quietly  
In the path you daily tread,  
Perhaps has lessons harder to learn  
Than your life has ever read,  
And if you remember to trust in love  
That friend forever, more true shall prove.

## TAKE COURAGE.

Are you weary in the Vineyard?  
Does your work seem all in vain,  
Yielding but a bitter fruitage  
Of lost hopes, mistakes and pain?  
Would you stop?

Ah! but listen! "Be not weary  
In well doing. You shall reap,  
If ye faint not. In due season  
Comes the harvest,"—do not weep.  
Try again.

Have you spoken to some dear one,  
Feeling that you'd gladly give  
Anything within your power  
If for Christ that soul should live?  
Don't give up.

Has the burden proved too heavy  
For your faltering faith to bear?  
'Tis *His* work and you His worker,  
For His own He shall well care.  
Trust Him yet.

Would you reach the Heavenly Mansions  
Bearing with you precious sheaves?  
Patience then—He, loving watches  
And the faithful child ne'er leaves.  
So keep on.

## OUR NEIGHBOR.

(To Mrs. Hughes.)

Who lives across on Center street,  
Where honeysuckle grows so sweet,  
And smiles on us whene'er we meet?

Our neighbor.

Who comes to sit awhile, and speak  
Of various things that fill the week,  
Helping to keep our spirits meek?

Our neighbor.

Who sends us doughnuts fresh and good,  
Sweetening for us our daily food,  
And leaving us in happy mood?

Our neighbor.

Who takes us in at dead of night,  
And makes our troubles all come right,  
Relieving us in serious plight?

Our neighbor.

Who merits everlasting praise,  
For kindness shown in various ways  
That we'll remember all our days?

Our neighbor.

V. V. D.—N. R. B.

### A TOUCH IN PASSING.

A touch and smile as she passed along;  
A glimpse—a word—and in the throng  
She was lost to sight, but my heart grew strong  
Because of her passing there.

My face was turned, and I had not known  
A friend was near, till she had gone.  
And left me feeling less—“alone”  
After her greeting swift.

Such a little thing it was quite forgot  
By her who gave it, I question not,—  
But it marked for me the brightest spot  
In the hours of my day.

I wonder how oft in life we stand  
Close to some hungry heart’s demand,  
That we might answer with touch of hand  
If we but looked for such.

’Tis the thing of all this great world needs,  
Far more than doctrines, forms and creeds  
The helpfulness of kindly deeds  
In hearty friendliness.

’Tis the most we can do, after all you know.  
A passing touch—and on we go.  
Then why not give it often so,  
In warmth of heart and hand ?

### THE HEART'S HAVEN.

(To B. L. B.)

In many climes my footsteps roam,  
Up steeps, down dales where beauties are,  
But whether it be near or far  
My journey runs, 'tis best toward "home."

I love old earth. A touch divine  
Has given us glory everywhere;  
Yet nothing seems so good, so fair,  
As the home roof-tree and its vine.

Wonders of man inspire my mind,  
Wonders of God uplift my soul,  
But through them all, to one sure goal  
My heart turns back to home, I find.

Health, friends and pleasure. Yes, all these  
May meet me in my pilgrim way,  
And for them all, praise God to-day,  
But most of all, for home's sweet peace.

## TO WEE WILLIAM.

(Eight Weeks Old.)

Hello Wee William! How's the world?  
Does it strike you pretty well,  
Or are there lots of troubles  
You'd like to try to tell?  
Does grandma trot and rock you?  
Do aunties pull your nose?  
Does mamma stick you full of pins  
In putting on your clothes?  
Does papa toss and bounce you  
And twist you into curves  
That threaten quite to break your neck  
Or shatter your young nerves?  
Does grandpa talk big words to you  
That most distract your brain?  
Do cousins whisper "baby talk"  
That really gives you pain?  
Well, never mind, wee martyr,  
There's a fine day coming yet,  
When just a little older grown,  
A sure revenge you'll get.  
When colic strikes, and teeth crop out,  
And ercup and measles come,  
With chicken pox and whooping cough  
You sure can make things hum.

Insist on having meal time,  
In the middle of the night,  
Then make your time of rising  
One hour before daylight.  
Just keep them going lively,  
For you owe it to them all,  
And when there's nothing else to do  
Fill up your lungs and—bawl.  
'Tis a large responsibility  
Your family to raise,  
But I think you will eventually,  
Succeed, deserving praise.  
(To Wm. Blount Provine.)

## WHEN SHE LEFT.

(For Bess V.)

When she left! O, wondrous leaving  
Of this life so bravely borne,  
'Mid the burdens of frail body,  
Oftentimes so weak and worn.

And she left them all—these burdens;  
Left them in the “shadow land;”  
Questioned not, but at His bidding  
Reached to take her Master's hand.

Even though her dearly loved ones  
She must leave to work alone,  
She was ready still to answer  
To His calling, “Child, come home.”

Hearts are sad and sore left lonely  
In the place she made so dear,  
Yet, could I call her back to you  
I would not bring her here.

When she left this earthly dwelling  
For the one not made by hand,  
Ended then all pain and question  
She had failed to understand.

Found, instead, Christ's blessed sunlight,  
With no good thing else denied;  
In His presence there awakened,  
In His likeness “satisfied.”

TO BABY ELLEN.

What shall I write for baby's eyes,  
That shine with light from God's bright skies?

What shall I say for her pink ears?  
It must be sweet, if baby hears.

What shall I wish for her wee hand,  
That soon shall rule by love's command?

A loving word I long to give  
Of the place where she has come to live.

A hope that her eyes may ever see  
A beautiful world in her life to be.

A wish that to her ears may come  
Earth's sweetest music—that of "home."

A prayer that her hands may find and do  
The work of a woman strong and true.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

(To A. Eads.)

The evening had been a jolly one,  
Where fun held full command  
Till, just as the program was almost done,  
The "Captain" was called to stand.

Surprised but yet unquestioning,  
He rose before us all  
To speak as only a man can speak  
Who has answered his country's call.

The story, perhaps a common tale,  
Of soldiers who fought and died,  
But the heart that spoke through the captain's  
voice  
Opened our vision wide.

We saw, as before we had not seen,  
Brave boys, full grown to men,  
In moments of quick decision  
That won our victories then.

Battlefields passed before our eyes—  
Horror of shot and shell,  
And suffering none but a soldier's word  
And a soldier's heart could tell.

We felt that break in the captain's speech  
    Told pain we had never known,  
As he lived that moment miles away,  
    In a world that was all his own.

A world of anguish, carnage and death,  
    Where men—just boys in years,  
Could dare and do unflinchingly  
    Deeds moving yet, to tears.

Our hearts were touched to a deeper strength,  
    Our eyes to a larger sight,  
Our lives to a higher, nobler aim,  
    By the captain's words that night.

May the God of Battles, leading now  
    Keep us in ranks as true  
Till the pearly gates shall open wide  
    For His soldiers to pass through.

## DEDICATION OF THE FISH POND.

On the hill-top by the water,  
In the great Club House front door yard,  
Stood the white man from the prairies,  
Who had come for summer fishing  
To the land of Sequanota.  
Stooping was the white chief, busy  
Fashioning a fountain wondrous  
In the midst of the new fish pond,  
On the Sequanota hill-top.

Through the tall grass by the sand-road  
Came a band of strange new people.  
Swift and stealthy was their coming,  
Chocolate was their complexion;  
Wild their eyes and wierd their costumes,  
Striking silence to the white men  
And their wives and children gathered  
Round about their chief stone mason,  
Who, so busy o'er the basin  
Saw them not, nor heard their coming  
Till he finished. Then uprising  
Stood confronting that procession.  
Speechless stood he—wondering, staring.

Sudden then, and harsh, blood curdling  
Pugitabi raised his war whoop.—  
Raised it high, and cleft the azure,  
While each squaw by way of greeting  
Grunted “Ugh!” and wierdly chanted  
Strange new words of hidden meaning.

To the front, then came the big chief  
—Cheeky Ankining the mighty,—  
Cheeky Ankining the fighty,—  
With a pipe of great dimensions  
Filled with coffee, ground to fineness.  
”Twas the peace-pipe, and he, lighting,  
Smoked and passed it to the white man,  
Saying in his Indian-English:  
“White man come—big chief feel happy.  
Like white man for making fish pond.  
When white man go back to prairies  
Indian like white man still better.  
Leaving fish in pond fer Indian  
And his squaw to catch and eat them.  
—Take this pipe, be friend to big chief,  
*Other* white man—this bridge-builder—  
Big chief likes for building bridges,  
And this tomahawk he gives him,  
That *more* bridges he may fashion  
In the land of Seqnanota,  
Wonderous land of wondreus people.”

## THE BRIDGE.

(Sequanota version.)

They sat on the bridge at noon-tide  
As the people were passing by,  
And the sun shone over the "Lake Front"  
From out the autumn sky.

I wondered what was doing,  
And could not help but look,  
When sudden it dawned upon me,  
"They are having their pictures took."

Miss Myra, Kellogg, and Lulu  
And Alice and Mary and "Tom"  
Miss Boult, Miss Atwood and England  
With pennant tight pinned on.

Against the long, gray rafters  
The wavering shadows swung  
Clouding three acres of landscape  
That 'neath their shoe-soles hung.

And sweeping up from the houses  
There came the old refrain  
"How dark the air is growing,—  
It must be going to rain."

Then I thought how very lucky,  
That the launch ride failed to be,  
For that mighty load of foot-gear  
Would have swamped it fatally.

So, will that broken engagement  
A source of rejoicing appear,  
Since all that launching party  
Is saved from a fate so drear.

## FROM THE SEQUANOTA GIRLS.

Here's to the boys, the *little* boys!  
The fellows who run, and make lots of noise.  
We have them, we like them,—we claim them our  
own.  
Fine manly chaps they will make when they're  
grown.  
The *little* boys.

Here's to the boys, the *older* boys!  
The fellows who double all of our joys.  
We want them, we'll keep them—but they are so  
few,  
To increase the supply, say, what would you do  
For more big boys?

Here's to the boys, the *absent* boys!  
The fellows who must stay in Charlevoix.  
We miss them,—we'd like them, why don't they  
come near  
To help on our summer of rest and good cheer,—  
The *absent* boys.

## FROM THE SEQUANOTA BOYS.

Here's to the girls, the *little* girls!  
Who wear their hair in braids and curls.  
We have them, we'll keep them as long as we may,  
To brighten the hours in many a day.

The *little* girls.

Here's to the girls, the *younger* girls!  
Our colony's jewels, her rubies and pearls.  
We have them, we like them, we want them for  
good,  
And would not give them up if you ask that we  
should.

The *younger* girls.

Here's to the girls, the *older* girls!  
Who smile and look sweet, till a fellow's head  
whirls.  
We want them, we'll get them—just give us a  
chance.  
Then keep your eyes open and look for romance  
You *older* girls.

## GALESBURG FOLKS.

(A tribute from Macomb.)

When the future years on-coming  
With toil and care are rife,  
So we need to turn aside sometimes  
From out the toil and strife,  
Looking back to Sequanota  
With its hearty wholesome life,  
There will come a thought inspiring,  
One that certain joy invokes  
When chief of summer blessings  
We remember  
Galesburg folks.

## A LETTER.

Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 24.

To Sequanota Club, Galesburg, Ill.:

Across the miles that stretch between  
Your winter white and ours of green,  
Glad thought returns to pleasures found  
On Sequanota's camping ground;  
And we would send "our best" to greet  
Our summer friends' midwinter meet.

In midst of waving palm trees' shade,  
In atmosphere that songs pervade  
From gorgeous red-winged blackbird's throat,  
We move in joy and scarcely note  
Time's passing swift, till day has flown  
And evening dons her silvery gown.

All star bedecked, in glory bright,  
The beauteous Arizona night  
Speaks soft to us, in undertone,  
Of other nights that we have known,  
In Sequanota's borders dear,  
When you, to whom we write, were near.

From 'neath the graceful pepper tree,  
By memory's eye, afar we see  
(As of past days we think and talk)  
The birches, near our Pine Lake walk.  
Not apples in "the orchard" nigh,  
But dates from branches hanging high.

A wondrous land of fruit and flower,  
Of orange, olive, rose-clad bower;  
Sweet oleanders, growing tall  
(In pink and white the blossoms fall),  
While like old sentinels of night  
The giant cacti meet our sight.

At early night (no day is long)  
There comes to us the burro's song,  
Recalling many an evening spent  
In clubhouse, where the air was rent  
By solos, wafted strong and high  
Against the Sequanota sky.

Sometimes we ride abroad, and fast  
Beside the way has sudden passed  
That hero of the eastern child,  
The bold and brave "cow puncher" wild.  
Astride his bucking broncho, he  
Scorns folks who look so tame as we.

And brings a memory—hard indeed—  
Of Dr. Becker's fiery steed  
Attached to equipage so grand  
That, driven with a haughty hand  
And head upraised (intent to "snub")  
Took Anna's "dummy" to the club.

The Navajo, so tall and straight,  
Like Pugitabi, towers great;  
The fierce Apache, seeking foes,  
Reminds of Cheeki's broken nose;  
While "Hot tamales!"—warm as toast—  
Suggest to us "Marshmallow roast."

So many things, so many ways  
That speak of those departed days,  
And, thinking of them now again,  
We're glad we lived those hours then.  
To you, who helped to make them good,  
We write these lines in grateful mood.

Sincerely, your friends,

Per N. R. B.

## THE WAY APPOINTED.

(To M. S.)

(Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty;  
they shall behold the land that is very far off.—  
Isaiah xxxiii, 17.)

“Could I but catch some glimpse of that fair  
heaven,

While striving in the daily battles here,—  
Could I but taste sometimes the blessed leaven,  
I would forget so much of doubt and fear.

If Christ but walked to-day among earth’s lowly,  
Show’ring His blessings freely upon all,

I think then I could make my life more holy.  
When on my ear His words of help should fall.”

So reasoned I with self, one twilight dreary,  
When half-wrought duties dropped from tired  
hands,—

For in “well-doing” I was near grown “weary,”  
And “pastures green” seemed like to barren  
sands.

For labor in His vineyard I’d been longing,  
Feeling that *largest* tasks would seem but  
*small*,—

When homely duties to my hands came throng-  
ing,

I felt I was not fit for work at all.

Taking then the Book of Comfort, from its page I  
read of “rest;”—

“Come to me ye heavy-laden, leave your cares  
upon my breast;

Ask, and to you shall be given; seek and know that  
you shall find.”

Seeing God in all your life-work, pure of heart  
and peace in mind.

Longing for a sight of heaven,—look *within*, God’s  
kingdom lives;

Asking for the hidden manna,—to Him who *over-*  
*comes*, Christ gives;

Needing Christ for daily helping,—“with you *al-*  
*way* to the end;”

Owning then His blessed presence, “not His ser-  
vant, but His friend.”

Would you do Him loving service,—to His “least”  
is unto him;

Would you feel His hand in blessing,—turn a wan-  
d’ring soul from sin;

Would you reach the heavenly mansions, in His  
likeness “satisfied,—”

*Hold* the hand that He has given;— in His love  
and care “*abide*. ”

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And now I thank thee, Lord, that thou are show-  
ing,

In daily walks, small worries, pain and strife,  
The way thou hast appointed for my going,

Ere I can claim the gift, Eternal Life.

Not through the martyr's flame, or flood to travel,  
Or facing heathen foe in foreign lands,  
But little trying puzzles to unravel.—

Just the fulfilling of each day's demands.  
And since it is the "mission" thou hast given,  
Teach me to feel that it is planned in love;—  
As thou didst visit earth to point to heaven,  
Guide me through lowly work to that above;  
As done for thee, help me to do each duty,  
Seeing thine image in the lives I meet,—  
Until—one day, I'll see the King in beauty,  
And leave "my mission" finished,—at His feet.

In "Standard" 1893.

N. R. B.

## ITALIAN WEATHER.

I have heard quite a dry story,  
Of a lovely western town

Where a mackintosh goes begging  
And umbrellas are unknown;

Where the rubber shoe abides not,  
And gum boots ne'er appear,

For "three hundred sixty-five days  
The sun shines in each year."

There they have no need of crossings,  
Nor sidewalks do they use,

While the scraper and the footmat  
Never meet with Phoenix shoes,

That's why I heard the story  
By truthful (?) people told,

But 'tis looking just the least bit  
Like some one had been fooled.

The dusky storm-clouds gather  
Over peaceful Phoenix homes

And from the clouded mountain tops  
Condensing "moisture" comes,

The flying dust is flowing now,  
In rivers wide and deep

The dry and healthy atmosphere  
Is laid away to "keep."

Now—mackintosh and rubber shoes  
Are worth their weight in gold;  
“No need of walks in Phoenix”  
Is a tale that once was told.

To clean the traveler’s muddy shoes,  
Footmats and scrapers? No indeed!  
A bath tub of clear water  
And a sponge, best suit the need.

“Just three hundred sixty-five days  
You’ll find the sky is clear,”  
Is the story oft repeated  
Of the Phoenix atmosphere.

There seems but one conclusion  
Where the mind can safe arrive  
That Phoenix has five hundred days  
To our three sixty-five.

A TOURIST.

## THE BEST REWARD.

So softly spoken, low and sweet,  
It fell on my ear as I took my seat  
By my dear big girl, to just repeat

In my heart, her "Thank you, dear."

A word for Christ, in longing pure  
That by His strength it might endure  
And find a lodgment firm and sure,

I spoke in His dear name.

'Tis good to know a help is given,  
To lift some soul yet nearer Heaven.

'Tis worth the having toiled and striven  
To learn how to do that.

But dearer, better—even best  
Of all response to prayer's request  
To find a help at home, at rest

In the heart of a precious friend.

Such joy is mine this Sabbath night,  
Seeing her face in its tender light  
Of true desire to better fight

The battle of life God gives her.

It is sweet and strong and childlike too,  
This face of "my girl,"—and as few things do,  
It holds my heart to the good and true  
And for this—I thank her now.

TO MRS. TWEED.

Lessons learned we oft forget,  
But since the other day I met  
The article before you set,

I will remember,  
Put in it eggs or beef or fish  
Or any other thing you wish  
It still remains a salad dish.

Yours most sincerely,

NELL R. BLOUNT.

## FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

For pleasant word and smiling face,  
For easy, hearty, helpful grace,  
Cheering my mood in many a place,  
My thanks accept.

For music's charm, so soft, yet sure,  
Winging my heart to heights more pure,  
In strong desire that must endure,  
My thanks accept.

The uplift needed oft, may come  
Not voiced in words, but spirit shown,  
The touch of yours, has helped my own.  
My thanks accept.

Sincerely,

N. R. B.

## CALMED.

There's a storm upon the waters,  
And its angry rush and roar  
In the billows plunging, leaping  
From the distant farther shore,  
Strike dismay to hearts discouraged  
When the dark waves threaten high  
Quick the call, "Awake! O, Master!  
Carest Thou not that we shall die?"  
Speaks a voice of wondrous power  
To the heaving, surging sea,  
"Peace. Be still." Then all is quiet  
On the raging Galilee.

Comes a tumult in thy living?  
Threaten mighty waves of woe?  
Does the sky grow dark about you,  
So you cannot see to go?  
Beats the wind of unjust judgment  
Cutting deep into your heart?  
Call to Him who once so felt it.  
He of all your life is part.  
Hear His voice in benediction,  
As your cries to Him ascend,  
"Fear ye not. Lo, I am with you,  
Always, even to the end."

### MINISTERING SPIRITS.

A gay little bird whose active wing  
Carried him close to my window here,  
Sang as happy birdies sing,  
And troubled thought was soon made clear.  
My heart uplifted in quick praise  
For help that comes on hardest days.

A dear little girl, whose loving thought,  
Slipped into my own, her clinging hand,  
Spoke as sweet lives, Heaven-taught,  
Give message sad hearts understand.  
My soul responded in a prayer,  
Thanks giving for God's daily care.

While the little bird had never pressed  
His wing through clouds like dimmed my sight,  
Yet on the darkness in my breast,  
He flashed Heaven's pure sunlight,  
While the little girl knew not what tried,  
Her hand led straight to the Helper's side.

## WHAT MATTER ?

In many paths on life's long road,  
From these homes of earth to the Home of God,  
What matter, dear, which way we tread

So our aim be straight

Toward the narrow gate,  
And we walk as we are led ?

And though sometimes we quite lose sight  
Of each other's way in the dark of night—  
What matter, if when sorely tried

We see His face

At the crossing place,  
Though we miss all else beside ?

'Tis a narrow road and the veil between  
Your path and my own, is just a screen,  
What matter then if we see not through ?

I know you are near,

And you need not fear,

But that I will come to you.

Keeping with Him, there is but one end  
To this road of life we must all trend.  
What matter how our pathways wend

If out of the strife

Of the earthly life,

Our Master we learn to know ?

## A TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

(To the memory of Helen Rogers Armstrong.)

The master walked in his garden, one chilly autumn day,  
And beckoned to the keeper—"I'll take this flower away.  
The winter winds are coming, and in the biting blast,  
'Twould quickly droop. I'll move it, where it shall bloom and last.  
In one of my bright south windows, transplanted carefully,  
'Twill shed its helpful fragrance, and gladden all who see.  
It mars the garden's beauty to take the best away,  
But in the sunny window see what is placed today.  
And when the Spring shall open, all fresh, and bright and sweet,  
This flower shall greet your vision, its beauty all complete."

The Master, Christ, in His garden, walking one sad, dark day,  
Spoke to His garden-keeper—"I'll take this flower away,  
For life's hard winds are coming, and in the bitter chill

'Twould suffer much. I'll move it, where comes  
no hurting ill.

In one of the many mansions, transplanted by my  
care,

'Twill live, and grow to beautify the Heavenly  
Home so fair.

It robs the home of beauty, to take the flower of  
love,

But, in eternal gardens, 'twill wait for you above.  
And when life's winter ended, safe in the Other  
Home,

In wondrous beauty glorified, you'll find your  
precious one.

“IT WASN’T IN THE BOOKS.”

(To C. A. J.)

He came from eastern prairie-lands,  
All covered white with snow,  
To seek the Arizona sands  
Where stones and cacti grow.  
He studied well his railroad guides,  
The whole long journey out,  
Until the western country  
He knew everything about,  
As printed in the books.

The cowboy and the broncho gay,  
The burro and his song,  
Sweet music of the birds all day  
The green tree boughs among,  
The perfect roads with driving good,  
Throughout the whole long year;  
The pure, unclouded sunshine  
Full of health and hearty cheer,  
These were printed in the books.

He raised his head and spread his chest  
Arrived in Phoenix town,  
Endeavoring to see the best  
In redman, white and brown.  
To curio and ostrich farm,  
To mines and orange groves  
He went in eager spirit,  
That the pleasure-seeker knows,  
When following out the books.

Awakened one dark morning  
By sound like dripping rain,  
He turned (such thought quick scorning)  
Closed his eyes and slept again,  
Till a good half hour after  
He heard the "breakfast" call,  
And raising high his window,  
Saw the earth in darkest pall,  
Such as wasn't in the books.

Rain in drops, and sheets, and rivers,  
On the Phoenicians came,  
And through four days gave them shivers,  
Though they wouldn't own the same.  
Mud, adown the perfect roadway  
In flowing torrents broke,  
While the earth remained enveloped  
In an atmosphere like smoke,  
Not mentioned in the books.

This poor, deluded mortal  
From snowy lands so cold,  
Began to smile and shake his head  
At stories that were told.  
“Yes, quite unprecedented;  
Oldest inhabitants  
Haven’t seen the like of weather  
Since the days of Indian dance,  
That you read of in the books.”

But, being a philosopher,  
(As tourists mostly must)  
He waited for the sky to clear,  
And dry the flowing dust,  
And now, in sunshine bright and warm  
He basks and meditates,  
“Well, after all, it matters not  
“What anyone relates  
In the pages of the books.

“Because in ‘Arizona air’  
There’s something fine and pure,  
That through all kinds of weather  
Has a strength that will endure.  
Just call it anything you wish,  
Locate it as you may,  
Words can’t suggest or picture it,  
Or drive its charm away,  
Or yet tell it in the books.”

## THE SILVER LINING.

These days of autumn splendor,  
When earth seems glad and bright,  
My thought, uplifted, reaches  
A larger, purer height.

My heart grows strong and eager;  
My mind seems quick and clear,  
To think and speak God's praises,  
When only joy is near.

But when the darkness gathers,  
And cares make long my day,  
Do I then as surely thank Him  
For leading all the way?

When tired brain and body,  
Under burdens sore, have cried,  
And anxious hope is weakening  
For the boon that seems denied.

When hands outstretched and trembling  
Just fail to reach the prize,  
And precious treasure slips away  
Before my longing eyes,

When words unjust are spoken,  
And aims misunderstood,  
While but mistaken effort  
Seems the work I meant for good,

Then—can I say as quickly,  
“Dear Lord, I take Thy will;  
Whatever comes, e'en darkness,  
Is thy benediction still?”

I plead, O, Heavenly Father!  
For Thine all abundant power  
To give me strength in weakness,  
For each bitter, testing hour.

Grant me the sweet possession  
Of an ever present Lord,  
To quiet my life's tempests,  
By His softly spoken word.

Give me faith to pierce the shadows  
That but veil His glorious might,  
So I may work in patience,  
'Till the dawning Morning Light.

## OTHER THINGS.

(To F. B. P.)

"You see, it was my first Thanksgiving away from home, and then—some other things—well, never mind."

Heart speaks to heart  
Of thoughts that filled a long and lonely day,  
Faced bravely in that strength each hour brings;  
Tells of a burden found along the way  
And then, impulsive, adds—"Some other  
things—  
Well! never mind!"

Could we but tell,  
Ah, yes!—These "other things" if we but knew,  
How deep would probe our vision into life.  
If we could read the heart-thought clear and true  
How much would be revealed of deep soul-  
strife.  
But "never mind!"

Some things there are  
Touching these lives, not meant for friendly shar-  
ing  
Because the Father would a lesson show—  
A lesson just for self—whose patient bearing  
Gives strength the battling soul alone can know.  
Then "never mind!"

"Tis better so.  
And when shall come that day of last reward,  
For burdens we have borne through love of  
Him,  
I think the dearest "well done" from our Lord  
Will be for "other things" that He has seen.  
So "never mind!"

IN "THE GARDEN OF THE GODS,"  
MANITOU, COLORADO.

What hand has shaped these outlines  
    Of man and beast and bird?  
Was sound of the workman's chisel  
    Within these gates once heard?  
What painter's brush has traced them  
    In tints of red and gold?  
What voice had power to call them,  
    These wonders manifold?

Born at voice of that Master  
    Who said—"Let there be light."  
Framed by hand of that Workman  
    Who made the day and night.  
'Neath the sweep of that magic brush  
    Which painted tree and flower  
A garden of the gods in truth,  
    For here is Godlike power.

He—who at night looked on his work  
    And saw that it was "good,"  
Has left His presence lingering here  
    In blessing where He stood.  
The peace of Nature breathes on us  
    From distant mountain peaks.  
The loving heart uplifted here,  
    With its Creator speaks.

## HE GOT THERE.

Up the garden pathway, slowly,  
    Her hat back on her head,  
Comes a sorry looking maiden,  
    With hands and face all red.

As mamma sees her coming,  
    She waits with sober face,  
To hear from Nan the story  
    Of this—the last disgrace.

The week has been full of trouble;  
    Each day, from morn till night  
Some tangle to be straightened,  
    Some wrong to be set right.

The busy traveling feet,  
    And inquiring little head,  
Into forbidden pathways  
    The naughty girl had led.

She'd cooked the stuffed owl for "turkey,"  
    "Playin' Thanksgivin', you know,"  
And put feathers in the flower bed,  
    "To have some chickies grow."

Her kitty will remember  
Throughout his nine-lived age,  
The day he helped "play circus"  
As a lion in his cage.

The cage was the warming oven,  
And little Nan "forgot"  
Till Mary built a fire  
That made poor kitty hot.

'Twas one thing then another  
All done in thoughtlessness,  
And now—the last and hardest—  
She comes—faults to confess.

A winsome little face she has—  
A merry heart is hers,  
But something much like sorrow  
The childish spirit stirs.

As mamma looks upon her,  
Sees stains on face and dress,  
She thinks of a recent promise  
And the trouble she can guess.

In one corner of the garden  
The bush of berries stands  
And, bending head before her--  
Is Nan with tell-tale hands.

"What does this mean, my daughter;  
Couldn't you keep away;  
Did you forget your Sunday verse  
That you had learned to say?

That 'Get behind me, Satan,'  
Did you remember then?"  
"Mamma, I said it hard's I could  
And then, I said it again;

And, mamma, he DID get behind me  
And gave me AN AWFUL PUSH,  
And before I could try to stop him  
He'd pushed me right INTO THE BUSH."

MORAL.—Keep away from the bushes.

## A VALENTINE.

(To W. J. P.)

You may talk about your roses red,  
And dainty violets blue,  
And Cupid with his arrows  
Through hearts of flaming hue;  
Of lovely maidens, dreamy-eyed  
With peachy cheeks and brows of pearl,  
But when it comes to valentines  
My thought reverts to "just one girl."

She may not look as some folks do,  
"Ten thousand beauty" style,  
But there's a—something strong and fine  
In glowing of her smile.  
It shines so warm and helpfully,  
With message of good cheer,  
That pleasures of one's life increase  
And sorrows disappear.

A wholesome personality,  
Whose pleasant, hearty voice  
Can talk good, common sense at length,  
Or sing sweet strains at choice.  
And when it comes to working hard  
She demonstrates her right  
To teach a school, or keep a house  
Or shine a higher light.

She is just a "common" body,  
    Yet quite uncommon too;  
If all the rest were like her  
    The world would be made new.  
A typical American  
    Is she, my valentine,  
And the best that I can wish you,  
    Is to find one just like mine.

## TO "THE PURITANS."

(Per Edna J.)

To the honored pale-face sisters  
On the Hill Top of the West End,  
Pocahontas sends a message  
By the hand of squaw most trusty.  
Sends her band of loveliest maidens  
Found in all the prairies' borders.  
Maidens trained in every good deed  
Known in tepee, field and forest.  
From her wigwam in the First Ward,  
Pocahontas thinks upon you  
At the hour of falling darkness  
Sees you gathered by your wood-fire  
Where she much has longed to greet you,  
But must linger sad and lonely  
By the firelight in her wigwam,  
Till the night air, chill and grippie-y  
Has all vanished into sunshine.  
—In her stead her maidens greet you  
With the vow of peace and favor,  
Toward their noble pale-face sisters  
Who so kindly join to weleome  
To your home on Baker Hill Top.  
May the sunshine and the moonlight  
Send their spirits through your roof-tree,  
And the laugh of rippling waters  
Mix and mingle in your talking,—

That this night-time long remembered,  
May give thoughts of joy and gladness  
Which will stay with every maiden,  
(Pale-face squaw or copper-colored)  
Through full many days of living  
On these prairies, or in far lands,  
Whereso'er their footsteps wander.  
—Take this greeting, pale-face sisters,  
From the hand of faithful maidens  
Who shall bear this message to you  
From the heart of Pocahontas.

## FRAGMENTS.

In His good time, in His own way  
God answers prayer we voice to-day  
And though the “waiting” long should prove  
What matters it, since ’tis His love  
Withholding, that the hour supreme  
Shall but perfect our holiest dream ?

---

For every “giving up” that we have done,  
If great or small,  
When in the name of Christ the Blessed One,  
God sees it all,  
And counts to us, for idols overthrown  
Treasures far greater than we yet have known.

## POP CORN JOHNNIE.

(Sent with man made of ear of pop corn.)

To see you safely home this eve  
Would please me beyond measure,  
So if your heart it will not grieve  
I'll gladly take that pleasure.  
You see, I rather like your way  
And hope you think I'm "sweet,"  
Because most folks who know me, say  
"Quite good enough to eat."  
Perhaps *some* things that bright men know  
Are far beyond my reach,  
But there's one thing that I can show  
If they'll but let me teach.  
Name their accomplishments all through,  
Then let me place on top  
One which shall crown all worth to you,  
Ability to "pop."

## UNFADING.

(To M.)

“Why do I keep dead blossoms  
When so many fresh and fair  
Hang fragrant on the bushes  
Scenting the summer air?”

You call them dead and worthless,  
Wilted and brown and dry.  
Yes,—but they waken memories  
That will not fade and die.

Quick hands outstretched and eager,  
To give the blossoms sweet;  
A young face bright and loving  
My welcoming smile to meet;

Soft, tender fingers touching  
Each flower caressingly  
Complete the memory picture  
In these faded flowers I see.

“My little girl,” I name it  
And in my weary hours  
I see it flash before me  
From out the wilted flowers.

## COMPLETENESS.

(“I live my life so incompletely!”—B. F. A.)

Incomplete? Yes, even so,  
If we measure results by garnered grain;  
And *failure* oftentimes seems our dearest plan  
As we look over fields of pain.  
But the Maker, whose love designed it,  
His work will perfect in each  
If we but try in patience  
The lessons He would teach.  
He gathers each earnest effort;  
He numbers each kindly word  
And the heart-thought true and tender,  
He counts as if 'twas heard.  
The motive that prompts the action  
Misjudged by others may be,  
But the all-wise Heavenly Father  
The wish of the heart will see.  
Omissions, mistakes and failures  
That discourage and try us so  
To Him are loving offerings  
If we do the best we know.

## A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

(For Christmas eve exercise.)

(A little girl speaks, with a letter in her hand.)

Dear friends we're glad to see you here,

And hope you're glad to stay.

We shall try to entertain you

But are very sorry to say

Old Santa Claus can't help us

As he has done every year,

But sends instead a letter

To say why he can't be here.

I'll tell you all about it

And I'm sure you'll say its right,

Though I know you are disappointed

That he is not here tonight.

(Turns to bear, who comes walking to the front.)

Before I speak any longer

I think it is only fair

To give an introduction

To our good friend "Mr. Bear."

(Bear makes his bow.)

He comes from where old Santa lives

And brings us from his store

Boxes, bundles, books and toys

More than ever came before.

With them he brought a letter

From Santa's great big hand.

I'd have him read it to you,

But you could not understand

So I will try to do it  
As it came addressed to me.  
Now, hear the reason given  
Why no Santa Claus you see.  
(Tears open letter and reads.)  
NORTH POLE, AMERICA, Dec. 18, 18—.  
Dear friends, with great regret  
I take my pen to write  
That I must stay at home and rest  
This coming Christmas night.  
Through all the year I've labored  
And haven't I been busy!  
Hurrying round at such a rate  
It almost made me dizzy.  
I've made so many presents  
I had to build more room  
And jam it full of Christmas gifts  
In fact, I've had a boom.  
Business was good, but I'm tired out,  
And almost sick in bed  
Dr. Frost says, "*Stay at home,*  
Or next year, you'll be dead."  
So here I am, and here I'll stay  
For some three months, and then  
I'll set my work shop going  
For Christmas work again.  
Just look for me next Christmas  
And surely I'll be there.  
Now, in my place please to accept  
My friend and helper—Mr. Bear.

(Bear bows and begins taking presents from tree.)

## HEARD ON THE CORNER.

They stood at school's dismission  
To talk at the corner awhile.  
Her face downcast and sober,  
His, beaming broad in smile.

“Thanksgivin' Day tomorrow—  
Jolly! I'm glad its come.  
No school again till Monday.  
And heaps o' fun at home.

“We're goin' to have a turkey  
And cranberry sauce and pies,  
And—Say! Why you lookin' so cross-like  
And kind o' mad in your eyes?”

“Guess you'd look mad in my place,  
With no turkey or nothing good,  
And just to have an old dinner,  
Of meat and potatoes for food.

“How would you have Thanksgivin'  
With nothing to ‘thank you’ about?  
If you just lived at my house,  
I guess then you'd find out.”

Slightly nonplussed, he faltered—  
Then with quick protesting face,  
Questioned: “Well, ain't your father  
Just got him a good sure place?

“Ain't your mother well o' the fever?  
Gee! That's Thanksgiving enough.  
I'll bet I could have a good one  
Without any turkey and stuff.”

### “TIME IS SHORT.”

Yes, the time is short—so short, my friend,  
    We should not keep its shade,  
For soon—so soon must come the end  
    To all that life has made.  
The things we leave behind us,  
    To count when life is done,  
Are the loving deeds that bind us  
    To the dear ones left at home.  
Yes, the time is short—so short, dear one,  
    That our tasks are over-planned;  
Many we know are poorly done,  
    As they fall from a hurried hand;  
  
But the Maker of All, Who knows us,  
    “Remembereth that we are dust.”  
Let us live as we think He shows us,  
    Leave results with Him, in trust.  
Yes, the time is short—so short, dear heart,  
    We dare not make it vain,  
It seems so little is set apart  
    For joy—and so much for pain;  
So many to need the sunny smile  
    And words that are kindly said;  
Flowers given to the living  
    Count more than to the dead.

TO YOU.

(Non-subscribers.)

Have you seen it? Have you read it?

If you haven't, hurry then,  
For I tell you that Gazette man

Doesn't stop and bite his pen.  
When the news is in the air,

Quick he settles down to work,  
Ruffles up his smooth front hair  
And goes at it like a Turk.

That's the reason that the items  
Are bright and fresh and new;  
That's the way you find what's doing  
And where and when and who.  
And the day that things have happened  
That same evening they appear  
In the columns of his paper,  
Plain and straight and true and clear.

"Hustler?" well now you are talking,  
For that paper leads the way  
In the boom that sure is starting  
And is headed straight this way.  
If you want to keep things moving  
For Arizona's fame  
Just pay in your subscription,  
And give your street and name.

## WORTH WHILE.

So swiftly move the passing years,  
So close are blended hopes and fears,  
So full is life of bitter tears,  
We may forgive,—we should forget.  
Not ours to pay the avenger's debt.

So many lives to need our aid,  
So many hearts weak and afraid,  
Let's leave that injury unpaid.  
God makes it right, someday, somewhere,  
And you and I can end it there.

No time for aught but loving toil.  
We must not waste—we dare not spoil  
The days that come, nor e'er recoil,  
If they demand some sacrifice  
That seems perhaps a costly price.

Things worth the while, must always cost.  
Things "given up" need not mean "lost."  
Bread on the waters freely tossed,  
After long days shall come again  
With sure reward that shall remain.

So many graves in Oakwood now,  
That were not made one year ago,  
And you and I may never know  
How close upon the border-land  
Our wayward feet today may stand.

Putting behind those hurts and stings,  
Forgetting all but helpful things,  
Welcome each day with good it brings.  
The past, all gone—the present here.  
Live to the full a glad New Year.

## AN ANSWERING FACE.

Across the crowded hall my glance had wandered,  
As waiting music's sweet-toned voice again,  
A little while in dreamy thought I pondered,  
Longing to put in words that wondrous strain.  
Aimless, I looked—not heeding, little caring,  
Where roved my eye. That harp-voice had  
reached down  
So deep into my heart, that I was sharing  
In heavenly visions to the world, unknown.

Uplifted far above the commonplace  
As though a veil, I gazed on all around,  
When, in one glance, I saw an answering face,  
Another heart, the music's soul had found.  
It spoke through softened glance and tender light  
Of features I had lately learned to love.  
My new found friend did your thought know to-  
night  
How close with it my own trod courts above?

Oh, sweet companionship of kindred souls,  
By which in pleasant paths our feet are led  
To find that deepest thought is understood,  
Although oft times no spoken word is said.  
Communion closer such than many know,  
When hand in hand and face to face they talk,  
For heart to heart in friendship's path we go,  
Though far apart our daily steps may walk.

## IT IS WRITTEN.

(Dec. 31.)

“What I have written, I have written.”—**Pilate.**

Have I written on the pages  
    Of the year so swift gone by,  
Thoughts to live through endless ages  
    Or in deep oblivion die?  
Have my days been worth the living  
    To my friends, in helpful giving,  
Reaching to the fullest measure,  
    Good, that deeper is than pleasure?

Have I written on the faces  
    In my daily walk in life,  
Hope and peace—or are there traces  
    Of a burden, or of strife?  
Sympathy so much is needed—  
    Have I seen and have I heeded?  
My loss greater than the other,  
    If I failed to help a brother.

Have the little children brightened  
    At my hearty, welcoming word,  
Or tender hearts been frightened  
    By some quick reproof they heard?

Was the stranger in our meeting  
Gladder made by earnest greeting,  
Or, blinded selfishly, have I  
Erred in path of charity?

What is written I have written—  
And my hand cannot erase  
Many things—that conscience smitten—  
I would gladly now efface.  
Words unworthy, actions hurried,  
Things I wish were dead and buried.  
But they live—and I regretting,  
Long to know of their forgetting.

Only God can make it whiter,  
All the record I have scanned,  
And my heavy heart grows lighter  
'Neath the shadow of His hand.  
Clean and new the page He's turning,  
While my soul in honest yearning,  
Lifts to Him its eager pleading,  
For His constant, kindly leading.

## GOOD-BYE OLD YEAR.

So 'tis "good-bye," old friend,—  
    You've done so much for me.  
In days all told, more rich than gold  
    Your kindly gifts I see.  
In quiet now, I face the end  
Waiting to say, "Good-bye, old friend."

Good-bye, old year,—good-bye.  
    'Tis hard to let you go,  
For there are ways in your past days  
    That just we two may know  
Ways leading far o'er mountains high,  
But now to them must be good-bye.

And words—heart-words so true,  
    Whose tones could tell so much,  
Eyes brave and clear, strong hands so dear,  
    E'en yet I feel their touch.  
And shall they go with me or you?  
Tell me, old year, must they go too?

You claim them for your own?  
    Ah, well! So let it be,—  
But of my heart, they form such part  
    You cannot take from me.  
So take your own and I take mine;  
I would not give what's mine for thine.

## A PRAYER.

O, Father! Lead Thy child,  
While the fierce storm and wild  
Blows round about me!—  
Let me ne'er doubt Thee!  
My hand in Thine safe hold,  
Shield me in night and cold,  
Till safe within the Fold  
Thy care hath brought me.

O, Master! Come to me  
Now in my need of Thee!  
Quiet the storm within,  
Save me from self, again;  
Take Thou my wayward will,  
My heart with peace now fill,  
That I may follow Thee  
On path of charity!

## HIS REST.

Have you heard his invitation  
Weary heart, by care oppressed?  
Have you told to Him the conflicts  
That have raged within your breast?

He is waiting to receive you  
And forever grant you peace;  
Turn to Him and let His helping  
From your burden give release.

Not a peace that means *forgetting*,  
But a strength to bear and use,  
Every circumstance that enters  
In your life,—as He shall choose.

Pain and failure, sorrow, sickness  
Such as come to every life  
He will touch and turn to blessing  
Yielding strength from all the strife.

Strength that only comes with battling;—  
Peace that follows *victory*.  
Would you have them? Let the Master  
Lay His “easy yoke” on Thee.

## UNDERSTOOD.

It is not for explanations  
Or the *why* to prove pain right;  
It is not for kind assurance  
That I've bravely met the fight,—  
But 'tis left the quiet heart-tone  
Or loving clasp of hand  
To bring the needed comfort  
From one who can understand.

Kind friends with grateful praises,  
To speak the help I've given,  
Seeming to think my journey  
Is easier turned toward Heaven,—  
And few—so few, remember  
That every life must bear  
Its portion of pain and sorrow,—  
Its weakness—sometimes despair.

So when one meets me, knowing  
That I am of common clay  
Tired, discouraged and lonely,  
And will simply, kindly say—  
“Ah, yes! I know—I have felt it,”  
Some way it lifts my load,  
To clasp the hand of this other  
Traveling the selfsame road.

## A PSALM OF TRUTH.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell us not in many voices,  
To "go south and then go east,"  
For we followed those directions  
To Miss Miner's wedding feast.

Mud was deep and mud was sticky,  
And we traveled several hours  
Just to view the lovely landscape  
And eat lunch between the showers.

Much enjoyment and no sorrow  
Was our destined lot that day,  
Although each succeeding corner  
Found us further from the way.

Roads were long and time was fleeting,  
But we wanted all the fun  
To be found inside the county  
So we gayly traveled on.

Miles and miles and miles we journeyed  
Just to breathe the country air,  
And our joy had been perfected  
If we'd only seen Adair.

On that morning of the wedding  
In that journey to southeast,  
We were taught full many a lesson  
Which the following was not least.

Trust not Miner, howe'er certain  
He may seem to know the way,  
For he sure will misdirect you,  
And in quick derision say,

“Did you go south and then go east  
And watch the telephone wires in air?  
Why *sure you lost your way four miles*  
And must have seen Adair.”

There were also other torments,  
George’s “Number One”—and “Two,”  
Who must every half a minute  
Each present his special view.

Heed them not. They are not worthy  
Of a passing, slightest glance.  
Long black bottles their companions,  
And they steal when given a chance.

Cherries, chickens, even turkeys  
Were not safe within their sight,  
And the bride was boldly robbed too  
Of a kiss, George claimed his *right*.

Trust no Georges, howe'er seeming  
True and honest in their speech.  
They are simply waiting, watching  
For some tease within their reach.

"Did you go south and then go east  
And watch the telephone wires in air?  
Why *sure*—yon lost your way four miles  
And must have seen Adair."

Never mind, deluded mortals,  
All your words are but a waste,  
For we drove as we desired,  
And found fun to suit our taste.

All the journey and the wedding,  
Bride and groom and guests and home,  
Kept us many times remarking  
"We are surely glad we've come."

Roses of the bride remind us  
Of the pleasures of the day  
While the dogs that chased behind us  
Lead us now to think and say,

"Life is sweet and life is bitter  
Some things good and some things sad,  
And we've learned to never listen,  
When untruthers fool us bad."

Words of such men will remind us,  
We can do our driving best  
And departing, leave behind us  
Wheel tracks that shall guide the rest.

Wheel tracks that perhaps another  
Driving through some rainy day,  
May take heart, on seeing plainly,  
Follow quick, and find the way.

Let us, then, discard directors  
And insisting we are right,  
Just go on as sense commands us  
And get home before 'tis night.

“THE BIG FOUR.”

## GOD KNOWS.

Over the grave of the unknown sleeper was placed a simple headstone, bearing the words, "God Knows."

God knows—Ah, yes! What countless things  
Are hidden from this human sight,  
That we can only leave with Him  
Till dawns the glorious Morning Light.  
Unnumbered graves on unknown hills,  
Like that on lonely Nebo's mount,  
Forgotten or unknown by man,  
And only God Himself, keeps count.

God knows—Ah, yes! The mysteries  
That weary many an aching heart,  
By Him are seen and understood  
Before the bitter tear-drops start.  
He knows just why that good must go;  
Just why that hurting ill must stay.  
We cannot know. We only trust,  
Remembering that God guides the way.

God knows—Ah, yes! What comfort 'tis  
To know the eye that never sleeps  
Sees all that is,—and every life  
In constant watchful memory keeps.  
He knows the hopes yet unfulfilled;  
He knows the plan, the loss, the gain.  
He sees the depth of every soul  
And understands its joy and pain.

God knows—Oh, yes! He knows each heart,  
And looking beyond that seen by man  
He reads the motive pure and true  
That lived before mistakes began.  
He sees the aim and not the deed,  
And “wrong” in man’s sight, oft may claim  
From His just judgment, the “Well done!  
For thou hast labored in My name.”

God knows—Ah, yes! Our Father knows  
The least one of His children’s needs,  
Seeing the want of every heart  
Far better than the heart that pleads.  
He knows *all* things, and this *we* know,  
“He doeth all things for the best.”  
Then gladly let us leave all there  
Safe in Our Father’s care to rest.



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